

Emil. The Sun grows high, let's walk in, keep these flowers;
Weele see how neere Art can come neere their colours;
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.

Wom. I could lie downe I am sure.

Emil. And take one with you?

Wom. That's as we bargain Madam,

Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?

Arc. Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes a matchles beaury.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himselfe and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Belshrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.

Pal. You love her then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes, but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not as you doe; to worship her;
As she is heavenly, and a blessed Goddess;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all.

Who shall deny me?

Pal. I that first saw her; I that tooke possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties
In her reveald to mankind: if thou lou'st her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow
False as thy Title to her: friendship, blood
And all the tyes betweene us I disclaime

If thou once thinke upon her.

Arc. Yes I love her,

And if the lives of all my name lay on it,

I must doe so, I love her with my soule,

If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*,

I say againe, I love, and in loving her maintaine

I am as worthy, and as free a lover

And have as just a title to her beauty

As any *Palamon* or any living

That is a mans Sonne.

Pal. Have I cald thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so; why are you mov'd thus?

Let me deale coldly with you, am not I

Part of you blood, part of your soule? you have told me

That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend shall suffer?

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why then would you deale so cunningly,

So strangely, so vnlike a noble kinsman

To love alone? speake truly, doe you thinke me

Vnworthy of her sight?

Pal. No, but unjust,

If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because an other

First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still

And let mine honour downe, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one

Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,

And use thy freedome: els if thou pursuest her,

Be as that cursed man that hates his Country,

A branded villaine.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concernes me,

E

And